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*A
Substitute
for War*



Percy MacKaye

YC180326









WORKS BY PERCY MACKAYE

DRAMAS

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS. A COMEDY.
JEANNE D'ARC. A TRAGEDY.
SAPPHO AND PHAON. A TRAGEDY.
FENRIS THE WOLF. A TRAGEDY.
A GARLAND TO SYLVIA. A DRAMATIC
REVERIE.
THE SCARECROW. A TRAGEDY OF THE
LUDICROUS.
YANKEE FANTASIES. FIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS.
MATER. AN AMERICAN STUDY IN COMEDY.
ANTI-MATRIMONY. A SATIRICAL COMEDY.
TO-MORROW. A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.
A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. A ROMANCE OF
THE ORIENT.
THE IMMIGRANTS. A LYRIC DRAMA.

MASQUES

SAINT LOUIS. A CIVIC MASQUE.
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URIEL, AND OTHER POEMS.
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ESSAYS

THE PLAYHOUSE AND THE PLAY.
THE CIVIC THEATRE.
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A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR



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TORONTO

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

IRVING FISHER, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS AT YALE UNIVERSITY

AND WITH PREFATORY LETTERS BY

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M.

FORMERLY AMBASSADOR FROM GREAT BRITAIN

AND

NORMAN ANGELL

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT ILLUSION"

New York

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TO THE
LIBRARY OF

INTRODUCTION

WHEN Colonel Waring adopted a white uniform for the street cleaners of New York City, some people were inclined to smile, and some were puzzled to understand the purpose in view; but, after the first street-cleaners' parade, there was a chorus of approval. Street cleaning suddenly seemed to assume a certain dignity, when our attention was turned from dirt to cleanliness and from the forlorn individual sweeper at the crossing to the mighty host of the Defenders of a City.

Since the general public always fails to catch the higher overtones in com-

mon life until some bright symbolism reveals them, we may well pay heed to the suggestion of Mr. MacKaye that the social service of to-day should be clothed in brighter garments and expressed in clearer symbols. Its real splendor will then be recognized through the splendor of its expression.

For years social reformers in Saint Louis advocated the pressing need of a new charter for their city; but almost nothing was accomplished until the vivid symbolism devised by Mr. MacKaye in the "Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis" fired the imagination of hundreds of thousands of citizens, and, through them, aroused the dormant civic pride of a whole city. The result was that a new charter was adopted within a few weeks after that memorable festival.

The average man, without the dramatist's vision, would never have dreamed of such effects from such causes. But recently, a year after the event, the Mayor of Saint Louis publicly testified to these effects and the great practical benefits resulting to his city from the Pageant and Masque.

It would, of course, be incorrect to say that dramatic accoutrements constitute the main realities either in war, or substitutes for war; they simply magnify the appeal of these realities to popular imagination.

The armies of Peace have a nobler kind of work to do than the armies of war, and their work often requires as much courage and self-sacrifice. Yet they do not fascinate as war fascinates, for the reason that they are, as Mr.

MacKaye says, "drab." As he points out, they have no bright uniforms, flags, ballads, brass bands, or other forms of dramatic interpretation.

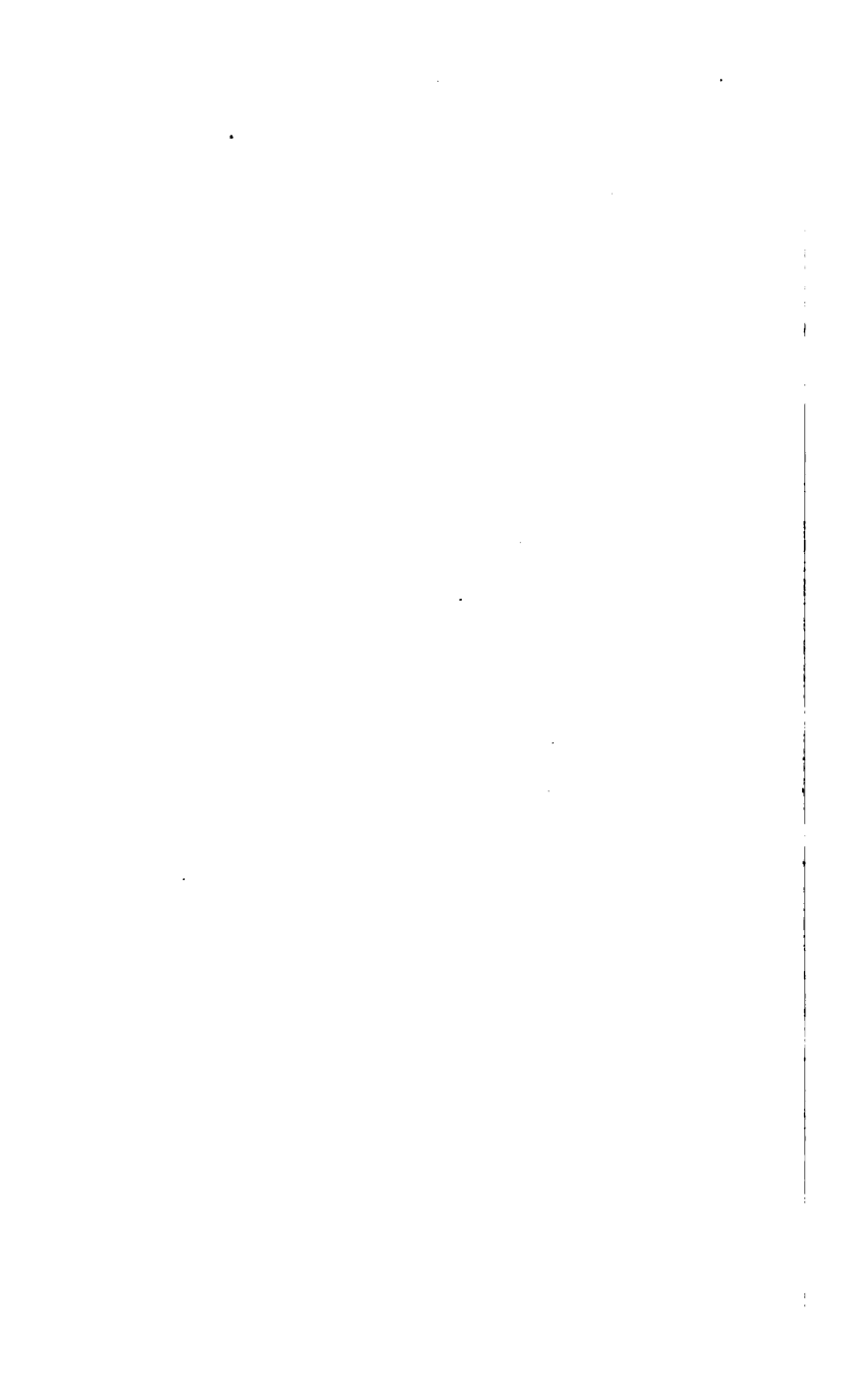
We have plenty of statistics, surveys, reports, and other data of science, but the art of marshalling these data is lacking. Until science is clothed in art, it will not appeal to the multitude.

We have, for instance, more scientific knowledge of health and disease than the ancient Greeks; but the Greeks had more actual health than we, for with them health was loved as something beautiful and noble, and it was loved largely because of Greek art, sculpture and drama. From these causes, their popular consciousness held vivid health ideals of which our present civilization has no adequate conception.

Some of us, including Mr. MacKaye, are hoping to see these ideals revived. If he and his co-laborers in art can emblazon the dull dicta of science in letters of gold, the health movement, the peace movement, and other movements for social service may yet become effectual substitutes for war.

IRVING FISHER.

YALE UNIVERSITY,
Department of Political Economy,
June, 1915.



PREFATORY LETTERS

May 24th, 1915.

HINDLEAP,

FOREST ROW,

SUSSEX.

DEAR MR. MACKAYE:

I thank you for letting me see your interesting and suggestive article on "A Substitute for War" in the *North American Review*.

You have touched upon a deep problem which has long occupied my mind, and doubtless many minds: how is the world, and especially how are the poets and balladists, to get on without War as a theme?

Doubtless they ought to set themselves to consider what charms of imagination and embellishments of art can be used to make peace and its ways and emotions as attractive as warlike deeds have been since the war of Troy and the battle of Deborah and Barak against Sisara the captain of the hosts of Jabin, king of Hazor.

A great task! May you, and other poets of America, which has a truer and warmer feeling for peace than any other country, prosper in it!

Sincerely yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

NEW YORK,

June 28th, 1915.

MY DEAR MACKAYE:

I cannot tell you how much I feel the importance of the problem suggested in your article. This "disease of drab" is not a minor detail of the problem of peace but may of itself render all our efforts in that cause vain unless we can deal with it. If the price of peace is to be a world of elderly Puritans, I am afraid — or rather, for the sake of those who come after us, I am glad — that youth and feeling and enthusiasms will never allow it to be paid.

I have always taken the view that

there is nothing fundamentally bad in many of the instincts associated with war; that they are indeed often fundamentally good but need to be canalized and transmuted by our controlling intelligence and imagination. The same instincts of heroism, courage, pugnacity, adventure may expend themselves in equal degree upon a cannibal raid or a reformer's fight against corruption and oppression.

After all, man's hunger and thirst for color and rhythm, for sacrifice and dedication to large and visible ends, for companionship in movement and danger, are as much simple facts of his nature as are his physical needs. And those things must be a part of his life, not merely spectacular relaxation separated from daily realities.

One is glad, therefore, to see your emphasis on the fact that the pageant must not be a detached spectacle. There is a further danger, which would not be a great one if we could be sure that all pageants could be work like your own. But we know that in the past art in various forms has attempted to symbolize and render visible the battle drama of life and work by "faking a photograph of the dirty business of war" — covering up the dirt with grease paint. Such work has not the effect of dramatizing peace but of disguising the real nature of war.

The danger of this in the hands of lesser men is very real. For war is itself a pageant and a drama, and unlike peace relieves us of any need of imagination. War is itself action, and action

en masse, with all the elements of the theatre inherent in its nature. A moving picture of it suffices to give us the dramatic reaction. You cannot take a moving picture of life as a whole and get the same result.

The difficulties, therefore, are enormous and we shall not perhaps get very near to solving them until we have something in the nature of William James's Social Conscription: all our dangerous work — life-boat service, deep-sea fisheries, mine-rescue squads, and so forth — done by a social army of young athletes; a service as highly considered as that of the army to-day, decked out with all its pictorial appeal.


I am hoping that you will one day apply your genius in this even more direct way to this very difficult problem. In

any case you have my heartiest good wishes for continued success in that phase which you have already made your own.

Yours very sincerely,
NORMAN ANGELL.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

 **O**N a battlefield of northern France the sun had just set. After hours of bloody fighting, the enemy had retreated. Except for the dead and dying, the field was almost deserted.

Seated on a round, stumplike object, one lonely figure, huge and forlorn, loomed in the crimson glow.

He was dressed in gorgeous regalia, almost unscotched by the grime of battle. His big shoulders drooped. In one hand he held a little rod of dark wood. He stared at it dumbly.

Suddenly out of the dusk a detachment of French troopers approached and surrounded him.

“Surrender, or be shot!”

The figure stirred with slow dignity, but deigned no reply. Instead, he raised the little rod to his bearded face and kissed it.

Struck with curiosity, the Frenchmen — who were peasants — examined their prisoner more closely: scarlet, blue, gold, orange — a superb uniform; the breast and shoulders gleaming with decorations, badges, and prismatic emblems!

Here was no common soldier in gray field-clothes. Not so; unmistakably he had the air of a commander — a dreamy pathos, a disdainful scorn of their presence.

Their Gallic imaginations took fire.
They whispered together.

Whom could they have captured: a
general? — a prince?

He carried no weapons, but — that
little black rod: he had kissed it!

Might it be —? [They had heard of
scepters.] Might this really be — a
king? — or the war-lord of some im-
perial principality, scornful of flight,
grandly stoical in defeat?

Their peasant hearts fluttered.

“Who are you?” their leader asked
in German.

“Who *I* am!” retorted the huge
figure with melancholy disdain. “My
God! I am the Imperial Band-Master.”

This anecdote — cabled last autumn
from the front to the American press —

whether it be truth or fiction, conveys an apt symbol for the theme of this article.

Those French peasants showed a subtle intuition in their awed estimate of their prize. They had caught — not King nor Kaiser, to be sure, but a far mightier personage.

Throned on a drum and sceptered with a *baton*, clothed in the gorgeous habiliments of pageantry, the Imperial Bandmaster — to-day as ever — is overlord of the battlefields of Europe, the master director of all belligerents. Whoever wins, his throne is not shaken; though Czar or Kaiser fall, his sceptre remains unchallenged. Empires and democracies alike are his domain, where he has lorded it over millions of loyal subjects for ten thousands of years. “Vivat Imperator!”

"Hoch der Kaiser!" "Vive la Republique!" "God save the King!" — to the vast encore of those world plaudits he responds with perennial *baton*, and bows his smiling acknowledgments. For his domain, as old and elemental as man, is the empire of Art — the realm of music, color, dance, symbolism, pageantry, where his imperial palace is the theatre.

Throughout human history this monarch of art has never been dethroned. He can never be dethroned, for he alone reigns by divine right — the might of imagination. Master director of his theatre [in the soul of man], he has ever sought his most vital expression in dramatic conflict, wherein his most grandly executed compositions have been *wars*.

Yet must this ever be so? May not the growth of his art develop forms of

dramatic conflict which shall be more gloriously expressible in beauty and joy than in blood and suffering?

This question [which involves the uses of the art of the theatre] is probably the most important question to-day for the world to answer:

Is there a substitute for war?

"When peace is made as handsome as war," said the President of the United States in a recent speech, "there will be hope of war's passing." This pregnant phrase was but a fleeting remark of the President, not elaborated nor urged further upon the thought of our people, yet it involves an idea of deepest public importance.

It is hardly conceivable, in short, that human beings should for ages have endured the organized waste and torture

of war if the magician Art had not hypnotized their imaginations and led them by glorious visions to the charnels of battlefields.

For let us remember it is art — the colorful art of the theatre, its music, spectacle, and symbolism put to war's purposes — which has exerted this hypnotism toward destruction. In this time of world havoc, therefore, shall we not ask ourselves :

How may the glorious visions of dramatic art lure the imaginations of men away from war to peace?

How may peace be made "as handsome as war," and as compelling?

Let us consider some of the "handsomeness" of war, and some of the ugliness of peace, as these exist.

War is made splendid by noble human

attributes : by self-sacrifice, courage, patience, enkindled will power ; it creates out of petty dissensions, as by magic, the majestic solidarity of a people ; within national boundaries, it exalts social service.

For these valid attributes and incentives, the devisers of war create magnificent symbols. Under their expert control, the chaotic, drifting, meanly competitive life of everyday peace becomes transfigured by order, discipline, organization, imbued with a majestic unity of design : *the enacting of a national drama, in which the people themselves participate.*

Statesmen and military leaders — recognizing what the disciples of peace ignore — utilize the full potency of the imaginative arts born of the theatre, and employ for their ends the ecstasy and

pomp of music and pageantry with a perfection of "stage management" that would stagger a Reinhardt. Symbolism they call to their aid, to provide for patriotism her radiant flags and uniforms. The art of the music-maker peals in brass to the multitude. Poetry and dance stride forth, like strange colossi, in the public squares, exhorting the populace with rhythms of marching regiments, that leap forth like glorious stanzas on the breath of a rhapsodist. A choral shout — as old as the chanting of Homer — invokes and unifies the nation.

Yes, the designers of war are masters of imaginative appeal. Of the realism of war — of death, mutilation, hate, hunger, rape, stench, disease, bonded generations, and national debt — they

are purposely uneloquent. Instead — and wisely, for their ends — they exalt war's self-sacrifice, heroism, solidarity; and for these they create impassioned symbols of color and grandeur.

In rivalry with these radiant appeals the artless disciples of peace present — what?

Their meek symbol — a dove.

Now nothing may be more potent to the multitude than a symbol. The flaming colors of a flag have set cities on fire; the refrain of a song has wrought revolution. The cartoonist interprets the vast social forces of his time almost wholly through symbols. In appealing to the popular imagination, therefore, it is of prime importance to a cause whether its symbols are dynamic or anæmic.

Of all causes in history the cause of international peace is probably the noblest, yet — of all symbols appealing to the world's imagination — its symbol, the dove, is probably the most anæmic. Some other, more compelling, must take its place before its cause can plead effectually against that of its rival. The Dove is no match for the Devil. If War is ever to be vanquished, it will be by St. George or Raphael, not by the bird of Noah. In brief, it is only Peace Militant, not Peace Dormant, that can supplant the heroic figure of War in the hearts of the nations.

But by Peace Militant I do not mean Peace panoplied upon dreadnoughts, glaring at her image in two oceans through Krupp-steel binoculars; for such is that false Peace, no other than

War disguised, which betrayed the world in August, 1914.

No; I mean by Peace Militant — not War disguised as a hypocritical time-server, but War self-purged and self-subdued to the functions of social service: not Peace armed with a sword, but Peace armed with *the symbol of a sword* — that “moral equivalent of war” of which William James has written with wise eloquence.

But the mere existence of a moral equivalent is not enough; it must be made effectual. Social service exists among all peoples, but it is not made to appeal sufficiently to popular imagination.

My object, then, in this essay is to suggest that the “moral equivalent of war” can be made fascinating and effectual by

utilizing [and perhaps only by utilizing] the dynamic arts of the theatre to give it symbolical expression.

Thus a practical substitute for the dramatic conflict of war would be its moral equivalent expressed through the manifold forms of dramatic art.

James urged the doctrine of his "moral equivalent" as a philosopher, and his philosophy is sound. But the people are not persuaded by philosophers, however masterful in ideas; they are only persuaded by artists, masterful in art.

The people themselves hardly realize this, yet daily by millions they are con-jured by their artists of the theatre as by magicians. Therefore it greatly behooves our artists to build upon sound philosophy; but, above all, it behooves our people, if they believe in self-govern-

ment, to recognize the overwhelming power of dramatic art and their own susceptibility to it.

In seeking, then, a moral equivalent of war, what moral equivalents do we find under the conditions of peace?

In business, the prevailing conditions of peace are drab and selfish; its dramatic conflicts are sordid, petty, when individualistic; and when they are corporate they are no less sordid on their vaster scale. Industrialism is so contaminated by suffering, disease, injustice, ugliness, ennui, death, hatred, and dulled despair, that to millions of laborers the conditions of war seem hopeful and visionary in comparison.

These are fundamental facts which all workers for permanent peace must face in their problem. The conditions

of industrialism, in short, *are* war, stripped of its dignity and national solidarity.

As superstructure upon this sordid base rises the dwelling of conventional calm we call "peace," wherein the minority thousands pass their lives in comparative satisfaction and leisure.

These drab, chaotic, suffering conditions of our "peace," however, are transfigured by the ever-growing numbers of those who are working to make them lovelier and more just.

Among these are dedicated groups — workers in settlements, workers for public health, for the conservation of nature, for scientific inventions, for popular education, for solidarity in labor, for emancipation of women and children, and for scores of other civilized objects. These,

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separately banded together, constitute separate armies of social service. In each we find at work the moral equivalents of war — self-sacrifice, energized will, solidarity, courageous fighting devotion to a cause deemed holy.

Here, then, in our midst the moral equivalents of war are actively at work for social regeneration. But are they effectual? What is wrong with the working of these equivalents that they are unable to supplant their monstrous pseudotype that now ravages all Europe?

They are armies of social service, yes; but they are not yet *the* army: they are not coördinated, harmonized; they lack mutual relationship — solidarity. But social service is *one* cause, not many. It has many banners, but only one valid flag — the flag of brotherhood.

But now we are speaking figuratively; for *actually* these armies of peace have, with few exceptions, no adequate symbols of their service — no banners, uniforms, fighting hymns, rhythmic marches, pageantry of spiritual meanings made sensuous. Instead, their officers meet in drab committees, their constituents read dry pamphlets in separate homes, or in offices to the clicking of typewriters; or at best they gather chaotically together in a rented hall, listening to drab-coated talkers from a platform, or waving drab hand-bills for rallying banners.

Drab — that is their disease.

Their dreams are more glorious than the dreams of war: their dreams are incarnadine, flushed with fighting angels; but they clothe them — and they *stifle*

them — in drab. That is their dire heritage from the Puritan.

War's ministers are wiser. They acknowledge the eternal pagan in mankind, and utilize it.¹ Even Cromwell marched to rhythmic drums. So — to cope with war — the organizers of peace must acknowledge man's paganism, and exalt it.

Such is the basic appeal of the Salvation Army; and such, in a subtler sense, is the secret of the extraordinary growth of the Boy Scouts organization and of the Camp Fire Girls.

¹ The modern use of khaki uniforms is a *concession* to drab, under compulsion of the practical expediencies of field fighting; but it is an exception which does not always hold in the martial dress-parades of peace, and in France not yet on the battlefield. Khaki, moreover, though drab, remains a symbol romantic to the popular imagination.

In the appeal of each, idealism adopts its special symbolism.

General Booth, Thompson-Seton, Baden-Powell, Luther Gulick — each in his own way — seeks to popularize William James.

The moral equivalents of war, then, are ineffectual in our prevailing society from two chief causes :

First, the fighting armies of peace are not properly organized; and secondly, their functions are not properly symbolized.

To achieve these two great objects, mutually related, may well become the function of a new profession of the twentieth century — the profession of Civic Engineering. For the problems involved are so large and various that their solution takes on the dignity and

efficiency of an expert science, essentially related to that which has solved so grandly problems like the building of the Panama Canal.

To achieve the first object, organization, will require the directive insight of one who may aptly be called the Political Engineer; to achieve the second object, symbolism, will require the Dramatic Engineer.

In his latest volume, "The Happiness of Nations,"¹ James MacKaye has contributed the constructive outline of a "beginning in political engineering," based on the clear-reasoned philosophy of his larger work, "The Economy of Happiness." In an organization of society such as he there suggests, the armies of peace might permanently establish

¹ B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1915.

the moral equivalents of war. To our present time, when the happiness of nations was never more crucially at stake, the reasonings of his volume are deeply pertinent. As related to this article, they apply directly to the realization of the first object above referred to, organization.

Concerning the second object, dramatic symbolism, I may perhaps appropriately close these suggestions by reference to recent practical observation and experience of my own.

In May, 1914, the "Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis"¹ [the Pageant written by Thomas Wood Stevens, the Masque written by myself and produced in association with Joseph Lindon Smith, with music by Frederick S. Converse],

¹ See appendix, page 47.

was given out-of-doors at four performances by more than seven thousand citizens of Saint Louis before audiences aggregating half a million people.

The task of that production, successfully achieved by the coöperation and participation of a great modern community, was one which truly involved the art of the theatre as an expert form of civic engineering. During its preparation, its vast-scale activities leavened the people with the moral equivalents of war: self-sacrifice, solidarity, energized will, militant devotion to a civic cause — these were truly attained, and have partially been retained during the months which have followed.

These objects, moreover, were truly and splendidly symbolized to the people by means of the color, music, pageantry,

dramatic conflict and architectural harmony created by the many-sided art of the theatre there put to civic uses.

The theme itself of the Masque — the socialization of community life — was expressed not by a superimposed show, but by the dramatic revelation of a reality it had helped to create; by an actual regeneration of community life, from which have directly resulted — as practical acquisitions to Saint Louis — a new progressive city charter, the completion of a municipal bridge, a city choral society, and the hopeful assurance of a great out-door theatre of the people in their public park.

The great experiment there consummated so successfully may well lead not only to its emulation elsewhere, but to the national consideration of the art of

the theatre in a new light — the light of a practical science, akin to engineering.

The present time is peculiarly auspicious for this widened civic scope of the theatre's art. On the one hand, that art itself — rekindled from within by the constructive discoveries of its creative artists in production, architecture, music, and the dance — stands at the threshold of a splendid renaissance. On the other hand — stirred from within by the portentous menace of world war — civic ardor has never been more deeply roused than now to discover effectual means for combating the enemies of society — poverty, disease, unemployment, political corruption, and all the hosts of embattled ignorance. To this war against all social and economic causes of war dramatic art offers a

popular symbolism of magnificent scope and variety; it offers a new method of social science.

Thus, developed as an expert profession, this potential science of dramatic engineering may yet become a powerful national factor in organizing militant social service as an effectual substitute for war.

If so — conversely — our “Imperial Band-Master” may yet supplant the “Dove” by our troubled waters, and dedicate his *baton* to the councils and cabinets of peace.

APPENDIX

THE foregoing pages on "A Substitute for War" were first published in the *North American Review*, May, 1915. The ideas there set forth have sprung from some years of thought and participation in two fields of work — the art of the theatre and civics.

These two great fields of expression and education are still strangely separated in organization, but their fusion in America is taking form in the beginnings [as yet groping but intensely vital] of a movement for civic pageantry, the implications of which are as wide and deep as democracy itself.

The basic conditions of these beginnings are discussed in my volumes "The Playhouse and The Play" [Macmillan, 1909] and "The Civic Theatre" [Mitchell Kennerley, 1912], the contents of which are records of unofficial campaigns of lectures and speeches in many parts of the United States in the cause of a new "drama of democracy."

Though as early as 1905 I began work in pageantry, yet not until 1913-14 did the opportunities occur for me to carry out definite creative contributions to the art itself of such a civic drama. These opportunities are discussed in the prefaces of my books "Sanctuary," a Bird Masque [F. A. Stokes, 1913], and "Saint Louis," a Civic Masque [Doubleday Page, 1914]. It is, then, not as a speculative critic that I make these suggestions

regarding a Substitute for War, but as worker in a potential field already partially ploughed and sown.

One of my associates at Saint Louis, a civic organizer of indomitable faith and executiveness, Mr. Luther Ely Smith, writes as follows in a paper on "Municipal Pageants as Destroyers of Race Prejudice" in the Proceedings of the Sagamore [Mass.] Sociological Conference, July, 1914.

"We have recently passed through a vast experiment in democracy in Saint Louis, which tends, among other things, to indicate one method, at least, in which the artificial, irrational national prejudices may be broken down.

"The last four days in May and the first day in June, there was produced the Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis. The purpose of those who originated the movement was to start, if possible, a movement for the produc-

tion of a municipal drama on a sufficiently large scale to make possible the participation of every section and neighborhood of the entire city. 'If we learn to play together, we shall work together' was the keynote of the undertaking. The site, a noble amphitheatre upon the slopes of Art Hill — familiar to World's Fair Visitors of 1904 as the site of the Cascades — was perfectly adapted to the undertaking, both in size and site.

"The cast called for seven thousand five hundred performers and a chorus of six hundred besides. The cast committee undertook the selection and enrolment of this great number of performers upon the basis of pure democracy, endeavoring at the same time to see that all sections of the city were fully represented. Many organizations offered their services in a body, but for the most part the performers were enrolled as individuals. A number of national societies were anxious to come in national costume. This request it seemed impossible to grant until Mr. MacKaye and Mr.

Joseph Lindon Smith conceived the idea of having the parts of the World Adventurers in the Masque taken by national societies, ten couples representing each nation. . . .

"The cast were constantly brought into close contact with one another and became rather well acquainted. All were intent upon doing a fine, beautiful thing on a vast scale, for SAINT LOUIS. They were all coöperating toward a noble end. They were all 'playing together' learning 'to work together.' A member of the Scotch national group on the day of the last performance said to one of the pageant masters, 'You know, I have changed my ideas somewhat about these "*foreigners*" — they aren't half bad at all. . . .'

"Thoughts which result to me personally from this vast, successful experiment in a democratic undertaking are these :

"1. Give the people a big, fine ideal to work for under ennobling conditions, and they will rally to a man in working for that ideal — and no one will work harder than the so-called 'foreigners' the 'alien peo-

ples' of different races. They will work miracles, and in working with them we shall come to know them as they truly are and will like them and they will like us; the artificial barriers will be burned away.

"2. There need be no fear of 'the south of Europe.' The Italians, Greeks, and Croatians, as we saw them, were a fine type of citizenship, a credit to us and a credit to the land from which they sprung. Give the people from the south of Europe a fair chance and they will make fine American citizens.

"3. Let us plan in every city to have a big, broad, fine, noble undertaking at least once every year in which all the people may take part, let it be on a sufficiently large scale so that practically every neighborhood and every nationality may be represented. It will not answer to have a parade or a procession or something spectacular for the people *to look at*; *they must take part in it*, they must themselves be a part of it. When they take part in so fine a thing, so democratic a thing as the Pageant and

Masque of Saint Louis, beautifully and grandly done by Mr. Stevens and Mr. MacKaye, all are better citizens, all barriers are burned away, all the foreigners are transfused into Americans, our race or national antipathy has vanished.

"The last night, at the close of the performance, the searchlights on the Art Gallery were thrown upon signs on each side of the stage reading 'Everybody Sing.' The chorus came out from behind the mounds, the band came to the front of the stage, and all the actors still in costume came forward.. There were by conservative estimate more than one hundred thousand people seated in the audience at that time. The Knight Crusader *Saint Louis* stood in front of his temple, *Imagination* and *Love* immediately before him, *The One with the Lilies*, *The One with the Cross*, *the Earth Spirits*, *Gold* and other figures of the Masque were on the mound; in front, on the stage, were *the Pioneers*, *the Wild Nature Forces*, *Churchmen*, *Sailors*, and *the World Adventurers* in their national costumes, their

flags standing out stiff in the smart breeze blowing from the southwest — Italians, French, Danes, Swedes, Croatians, Bavarians, Greeks, Norwegians, Scotch, all of them, and that vast concourse — audience and actors — did what it was said to be impossible to get an American audience to do, sang, and sang with spiritual enthusiasm, the national anthems, first ‘America’ and then the ‘Star Spangled Banner.’

“It was like a transfiguration, like a vision of heaven — of the new earth that is to be. There was no race or national antipathy then. It was destroyed, not by logic or reason, but by playing together, working together.”

This “vast successful experiment” at Saint Louis, with its permanent political and sociological results, constitutes probably the largest-scale demonstration of the new method of social science advocated by my article on “A Substitute for War.”

This new method was further discussed by me in a speech on "The Need of Dynamic Symbols for Peace," delivered before the Conference on International Relations of the World Peace Foundation at Cornell [June 22, 1915], where it met with gratifying approval by Mr. Norman Angell and other members of the Conference. The general propositions there set forth have recently aroused the enthusiastic interest of certain groups of social workers to put these principles further into practice on a national scale.

To this end a Committee of the Life Extension Institute of New York has been appointed by Ex-President Taft, Chairman of the Directors, to take steps for organizing the production, in several American cities, of a new Masque, which they have invited me to write and produce.

The nature of the Masque, the theme of which is the conservation of human life, has already enlisted the support of individuals and organizations working for constructive peace and public health. The coöperation of all social workers is earnestly desired and will be welcomed by the General Committee to whom communications or inquiries may be addressed through Mr. Harold A. Ley, The Life Extension Institute, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The colossal disaster to civilization in Europe calls upon the neutral world for more than analytical discussion; it calls for remedial action. Therefore, in case the ideas here sanctioned from various viewpoints by Professor Fisher, Lord Bryce and Norman Angell should prove capable [however gradually] of helping to

replace militarism and war by a peace militant for democracy and beauty, it would seem wise to take steps to put these ideas to the test, not once only but many times.

Last year Saint Louis organized one such important test. During the coming year the committee of The Life Extension Institute proposes to organize another.

P. M.

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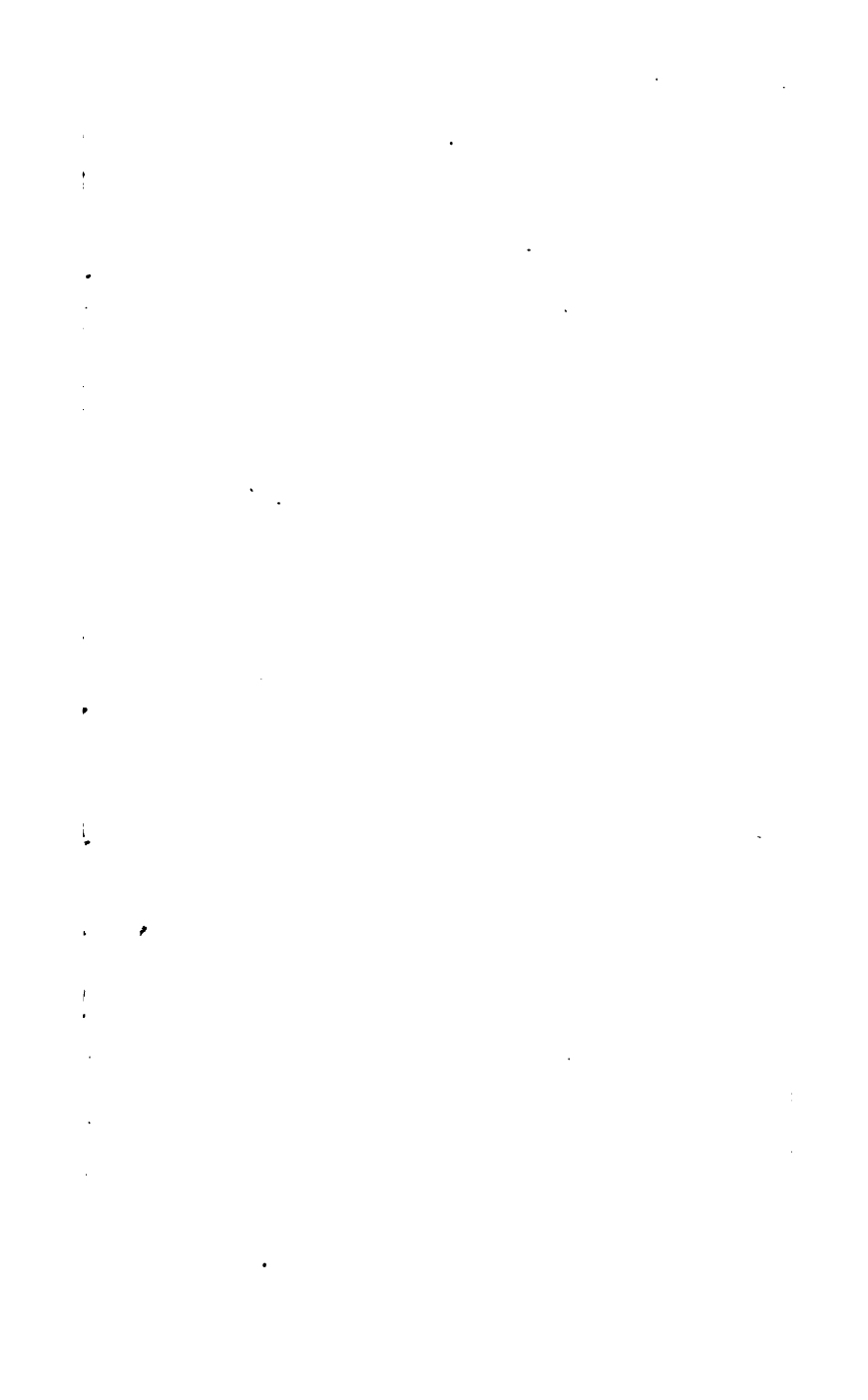
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